



Dark Hallway



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Chapter 1 by Feyre Archeron

Im creeping out of my bed, trying not to make a single noise. As I head down the stairs, I hear another crash. My heart starts to race, I feel like my heart is going to burst out of my chest any second. I'm slowly tiptoeing down the dark hallway, that leads to the living room, where I first heard the crash that woke me up. As I get closer and closer to the opening of the hallway, where I will soon face one of my deepest fears. I start to sweat, my head is pounding hard, I can't breathe.

I slowly, and carefully run my hand against the wall, to find out when I reach the living room. My hand hits the edge, my heart stops. I stop to debate wether to go in there or not. I finally decide after i hear a loud crash, that makes my heart race. I pushed my hand around the corner to the other side of the wall to find the lint switch. I turn really fast and flip the light so hard with so much fear I trip over the side of the wall and go flying into the living room, where my heart stops again to find out that when I had landed, there was silence.

I can't see anything when I finally realize that my eyes are closed shut. I open my eyes, to find the window wide open. When I look around, I come to realize that I don't see anything. All I see is a weird and creepy doll, that shouldn't be hear because I don't have any sibling, that are older than me, and I certainly don't play with dolls. The doll was at least 4ft tall and had a Barbie doll in her hand. As I start to turn away, I hear a faint cry for me not to leave. I stop, heart pounding, head fluttering with curiosity, fear, and wonder.

I quickly turn around and see nothing there. My eyes suddenly fall on the dolls. The Annabella

doll moved, my heart began to beat harder than it took my mom to push me out the day I was born. My mouth opens to say something, but air. My brain finally got words to my mouth and I say "Hello, but who are you, did I do something to that?" "Do what?" Annabella said in a very high

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My legs gave out and I fell on the floor right in front of her, and passed out. I woke in the morning to the smell of bacon, eggs, pancakes, and sausage. My eyes popped open and I struggled to get up off of the floor where I had passed out last night to the fright of a talking doll. My mother left for work a few hours after breakfast.

I ran up to my room, went through all my emails, then ran back downstairs and sprinted to the living room. My heart stopped when the dolls were gone, I didn't see them at all, it's like they completely disappeared.

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